

# THE BATTLE DROIDS THAT DON'T FIGHT ANYTHING

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Summary: Three battle droids go rogue. Striking on their own, they find a home and develop hobbies that don't involve battles or fighting. Based off the song "The Pirates Who Don't Do Anything."

## THE BATTLE DROIDS THAT DON'T FIGHT ANYTHING

**\*\*THE BATTLE DROIDS THAT DON'T FIGHT ANYTHING\*\***

**\*\*...\*\***

Droid Q14 looked around as his optical and audio sensors processed his surroundings. The roar and din of the factory echoed around him. He found himself on a conveyor belt with lines of other battle droids.

His processing unit began accessing information in its databanks. Its identification number was Q14. He was a battle droid of the Trade Federation. The Federation and its allies were at war with a government called the Galactic Republic. He glanced around.

The dim factory was lit up small, orange lights that flashed with a warning manner every now and again, urging the workers and laborers, most of them enslaved, to be cautious around their work space, lest they end up losing an arm, tentacle, or even falling into the clanking, rattling machinery itself.

The droid did not know the dangers of its birthplace, but as it glanced around at its fellow droids that stood stiff and tall and emotionless as a weapon was placed into their metal fingers, it felt a sense of unease deep within its programming. Perhaps it was a system malfunction of sorts? Its processing unit took in its surroundings as it and its brothers rolled along the conveyor belt in silence, its optical sensors flickering to a shipping crate of broken and damaged droid parts being shuffled along by a slave to the back of the great, hulking machine from where it had been birthed.

\_ 'I am a battle droid,' \_it thought to itself.\_ 'I will fight for the Federation and will be destroyed. I don't wish to be destroyed.' \_

Droid Q14 looked around anxiously, its optical sensors trying to catch any sort of unease or concern in the eyes of its fellow battle droids. It didn't want to be destroyed. Destruction was bad. Destruction was painful. And destruction meant you were either left to the elements of some far flung planet of the galaxy or shipped back to the factory to be reassembled and become part of another battle droid to begin the process all over again; now that his mental processing unit comprehended that thought, he calculatngly glanced over his own metal hands, wondering if they had once belonged to another battle droid before him.

The droid regarded the hallway, sensing that something within him was urging him to run away, to dash down that hallway and away from wherever the conveyor belt was pulling him and his brothers off to. Stealing a glance around, Droid Q14 tightened its grip on his assigned blaster and jumped off of the moving conveyor belt, ignoring the fleeting glances of its fellow droids as he made a run for freedom while simultaneously hoping that no one will stop him.

The rogue droid made a few twists and turns, his pace never faltering and his grip never loosening up on his weapon as he finally came tumbling out onto a hanger bay that looked out over the barren wasteland of the planet he had been situated on, various spacecraft lining up and ready for takeoff at a moment's notice.

\_ 'I must get out of here before I am discovered,' \_ he mentally prodded himself.

With this in mind, Q14 ran for the nearest fighter he could find that wasn't being vaguely kept under surveillance. An old, beat up Light Droid Starfighter that wore the wounds of a previous battle with pride.

The droid instantly took it and clambered inside, his grip tightening further upon his weapon as he quickly cleared the ship to make sure it was devoid of passengers before heading to the cockpit.

The droid very nearly felt whatever functioned as an organic, beating organ commonly referred to as a 'heart' nearly skip a beat when he found that there were two other droids situated in the seats, swiveling around to regard him with curiosity.

One was a common fighter droid and the other had the yellow head that was off seen on the slightly more competent and intelligent commander droids.

"What are you doing here!?" the commander droid shouted, its electronic voice chip sounding utterly terrified.

"I . . . I-I-I-I" Q14 started to say, only to find that its voice chip was skipping over and over like a broken record player that was easily fixed with a quick slap upside the head. "I was assigned here, too."

The fighter droid peered closely at him, its optical sensors blinking

as if narrowing them in suspicion. "No you are not. You are a defective droid like us." he seemed to frown while gesturing between himself and his companion.

Q14 looked tense. "Defective?"

"You are not following the programming of your creators, thus you're defective," the Droid explained as if it were supposed to be obvious.

Q14 looked at his counterpart and the commander. "You do not wish to fight in the war either?"

"No." the Commander snapped. "I will not be destroyed!"

"I do not see why I should fight a war just because I came off an assembly line." the other fighter scoffed. "The Federation cannot make us do anything!"

Q14 nodded with approval and relief. "So you are leaving, too?"

"Roger, roger." the Commander nodded. "Now let's get moving, before we get noticed!"

"Way ahead of you, Commander." the droid said, pushing some buttons on the left console and flicking some switches on the right.

The Starfighter rumbled to life and began to tremble and shake as its boosters belched loudly and lifted them several feet off of the hanger floor as they rotated about to face the yawning doors that looked out upon the endless expanse of barren wasteland before them under the hot, blazing sun that scorched the dust choked landscape while the ship blasted off into the atmosphere with the wind in its face.

Q14, wanting to aid somehow in their escape, looked over the nearest console and took the readings. "Sensors indict we are not being followed."

"Great." the Commander sighed with relief. "Now we need to find a place to stay."

The second droid agreed. "Somewhere no one will be able to find us."

With the empty, inky blackness of the cosmos stretching before them, and the fact that when in space no one would be able to hear you scream if the life support systems of one's ship malfunctioned and failed, choking you from lack of oxygen, conversation was somewhat awkward and light amongst the band of liberated droids.

"So . . . what are your numbers?" Q14 asked after a while.

"I am X39." the second battle droid responded.

"I am Commander W-2."

Despite lacking a mouth and the necessary muscles to frown, Q14 attempted to do so by lowering his head in disappointment. "We should

not have numbers. We should have names."

X39 agreed, keeping his optical sensors locked onto the controls and the blackened abyss before him. "I will be called Rab."

"I will forever be know as . . . Snaro . . . and anyone who says otherwise will be fed to a Snarlak for approximately the next three-thousand solar cycles of Tatooine!"

Q14 hummed in thought. "And I will call myself . . . Q." he decided.

"Q?" the other two droids repeated in unison.

"Yes. Q."

"Alright . . ." Rab conceded; he tapped a button on the console and pulled up a shimmering, wavering hologram of the galaxy with millions of different locations being highlighted by the ship's onboard computer system. "Not a lot of choices, even if the Clone Wars are not galactic."

Q hummed in thought and walked up behind him, peering closely at the map out of curiosity. "What about planet 223-J4?" he suggested, tapping the selected planet with a metal digit to pull it up for a bigger image.

Rab stiffened as Snaro buzzed and whirled suspiciously. "Is your circuitry intact!? That's a dumping planet!"

"And if I am not mistaken, it would be less likely to have organic life forms that will be able to claim us as property." Q defended himself.

"Orders, Comman- Snaro?" Rab corrected himself.

"That's Commander Snaro, to you." the commander droid said before pausing to think for several moments. "Set a course. Planet 233-J4 it is."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Approximately 15 Tatooine solar cycles later . . .<strong>

A toxic rain relentlessly bombarded the dusty, barren landscape below, the tremendous noise amplified by the mountains and canyons and valleys of discarded trash and garbage that had accumulated over several eons of careless dumping until the trash lay scattered about like the gigantic bones of an ancient animal that time had long forgotten.

The ship the droids had piloted all those years ago lay nestled snugly at the base of a mountain of rotting rubble and decaying debris, its hull battered from a rocky entry through the planet's toxic atmosphere but otherwise structurally sound.

The inside was rustic, but relatively decent. At a table, Rab and Snaro were playing a game of Dejarik. Rab moved his Houjix decapitated the M'onnok.

"How do I look?"

Rab and Snaro looked up from their game to see Q standing with what could have been a proud look upon his metal features as he wore a necklace of odd trinkets and collectibles around his neck.

"Like an idiot." Snaro scoffed as he moved his K'lor'slug forward into a fork, forcing Rab to choose which one of his little, holographic game pieces would have to perish in order to continue.

The droid pondered over his next move for several minutes before moving a Grimtaash forward and noting with glee that the holographic creature was not only able to withstand Snaro's attack, but utterly obliterate his game piece with the resulting counter strike.

Snaro grunted. He hated losing.

"I am tired of this." Rab spoke up suddenly.

Snaro glared with annoyance. "Fine. What do you want to do now?"

"Something that isn't boring." Rab replied.

"If I may offer a suggestion?" Q piped up. "We could make a trip to the east side of the dump. Past encounters usually indicate that there are scavengers there."

"I am not in the mood for bowling for pests." Snaro seemed to frown despite lacking a mouth and lips.

Rab rolled his optical sensors. "You are just afraid of getting rust."

"And you aren't?" Q countered slyly.

"Funny." Snaro grumbled sarcastically. "So what should we do?"

"I don't know, what do you want to do?" Rab asked.

"I asked you!" Snaro argued.

"I know. And I asked you back."

Q once again jumped in with his suggestion. "How about we hop up and down on one foot?"

"Why, did the wiring in your other foot disconnect?" Snaro said in snarky tone.

"Because then we would look silly and not be bored anymore!" Q seemed to laugh.

"You are an idiot." Snaro grumbled before turning to Rab. "So what are we going to do?"

"Don't start that again!" Rab exclaimed in an aggravated tone of voice.

Once again, Q seemed to be the only one crazy or stupid enough to voice his suggestion even after much criticism from his fellow droids. "How about we sing a song?" he offered.

"About what?" Snaro wondered.

"What about that song 'Nine Thousand Nine Hundred and Ninety-nine Planetary Units on our Star Map?'" Rab suggested.

"\_NO!" Snaro bellowed. "\_You know I do not like that song. It gets stuck in my processor, constantly replaying itself over and over and over again until I want to yank out my circuitry!" Snaro immediately shut down the idea.

"So what do we sing about?" Rab asked, earning a threatening glare from his previous commander.

Q pondered the thought over a minute or two, wondering just what could be worthy enough of their time to even be considered to be turned into a song about until the thought finally came upon him. "What if . . . we sang a song about us?"

"What about us?" Rab wondered.

"Well . . . what about stuff that we do?" Snaro suggested.

"I have a better idea. How about we sing about things we \_do not \_do!" Q offered.

Rab and Snaro shared a suspicious look with one another. "What are you-"

Before any of them could say anything however, Q leaped up onto the table and immediately broke out into song much to Snaro and Rab's surprise and shock, especially considering they hadn't the foggiest idea at what he was singing.

"We are the battle droids, who don't fight anything!"

"We just stay at home, and lie around!"

"And if you ask us to fight anything, we will just tell you!"

"We do not fight anything!"

"That is it?" Snaro raised a mechanical eyebrow.

Q nodded. "Yep! All you have to do is sing about anything you have never done!"

Snaro was still suspicious and uncomfortable doing such random and silly things such as singing a rather silly and obscure song about things they had not done nor ever had any intention of doing. But with a combination of Q's expecting expression upon his featureless, metal face and the fact that the lyrics were quite catchy, he was left with little option. "Alright. Bare with me . . ." he coughed awkwardly despite having no need for lungs.

"Well, I never invaded Bespin and I never invaded Hoth,"

"And I never invaded Tatooine or Ender!"

"And I never invaded Coracouant and I never invaded Dagaboah,"

"And I never invaded Naboo in the fall!"

Q then grabbed hold of his commander's hand and hauled him up onto the table before he could protest and broke out into song, singing the chorus and forcing Snaro to sing along for fear of feeling awkward.

"We are the battle droids, who don't fight anything!"

"We just stay at home, and lie around!"

"And if you ask us to fight anything, we will just tell you!"

"We do not fight anything!"

"Now you sing, Rab!" Q encouraged.

"You cannot be serious." the droid deadpanned.

Snaro folded his metal arms over his chest. "If I must entertain the idiot, then you must entertain the idiot. It is better than doing nothing." he added with a sigh.

Rab finally relented and started rambling off random lyrics in his head that just happened to form into a half decent song that even a Bantha would have found somewhat entertaining.

"Well I never killed a clone and I never slew a Jedi,"

"And I am not scared of being destroyed because I never fight at all!"

"And I never flew a space fighter and I never earned a rank,"

"And I've never been to Naboo in the fall!"

"Everyone sing!" Q cheered as Rab was hauled up onto the table to join in on the festivities whether he wanted to or not and sing the chorus to their little ditty.

"We are the battle droids, who don't fight anything!"

"We just stay at home, and lie around!"

"And if you ask us to fight anything, we will just tell you!"

"We do not fight anything!"

Q then took center stage and assumed a rather straight and regal posture, a motion that drew looks of confusion before he jumped off the table and grabbed hold of an odd collection of garbage that bared resemblance to a string instrument of sorts crafted from salvaged rubble and debris that he immediately began playing like the ancient and long forgotten banjo.

"And I never shaved a Bantha and I'm not too good at Pod Racing,"

"And I never threw my gambling cards up against the wall!"

"And I never kissed a Rancor and I never wore a headdress,"

"And I've never been to Naboo in the fall!"

That last bit of nonsense however, seemed to be the last straw for Q's two companions as they jumped down off of the table out of sheer ridiculousness.

"\_What!?!\_" Snaro exclaimed. "What are you talking about!? What does a Bantha and gambling cards have to do with fighting a war!?"

Realization slowly dawned on Rab as well. "Hey, that is right! We are supposed to be singing about wars and stuff!"

"Oh." Q murmured sheepishly, stroking his chin in thought.

"And who has ever kissed a Rancor!?" Snaro continued distastefully. "That is just nonsense! Why even bring it up!?" he went on before turning to Rab. "Am I right? What do you think?"

Upon being asked the question however, Rab could not help but imagine his commander's, yellow head as bearing resemblance to a juicy fruit, particularly a fresh cantaloupe or honeydew melon, and felt the necessity to express his thoughts out loud.

"\_I\_ think your head looks like a fruit."

Snaro was slightly startled by this, mostly because it was something more along the lines of what Q might say if he was not currently deep in thought. "Huh? No it doesn't!"

"Does so."

"Does not!" Snaro insisted.

"You are making me hungry." Rab declared.

"You do not even have a stomach!" Snaro was furious. "That is it! You are getting shot!"

"Says who?" Rab challenged

"Says the commander, that's who!"

Rab sneered. "Oh, yeah? Roger, Roger, Commander Fruithead!" he chuckled with hysteria.

"\*\*\_YAAARGH!\_\*\*" Snaro made a lung for Rab.

"Yikes!"

Q briefly watched as his two companions went racing around the ship, running around and around him and the table in circles for several seconds before Snaro finally wised up and changed directions, briefly



catching Rab off guard before the droid vaulted over his commander's shoulders and off into the bowels of the ship with him in tow.

Several banging noises echoed off the ship's walls before Rab came running back into the main cabin with Snaro right behind him who was wielding an old pipe like it was a baseball bat and continuing the chase.

Q watched the whole thing unfold before merely shrugging and returning to his instrument that was reminiscent of the long forgotten banjo. "And I never looked at smut and I never licked a Hutt,"

"And I never made any funny birdy calls!"

"And I never bathed in a Snarlak pit and I don't look good with Leia . . ."

By now, Snaro had Rab cornered in the captain's cabin and was about to hit him over the head with his new found weapon before Rab dove to the ground and slid between his commander's legs, using his momentum to spring up and kick Snaro in his metal posterior and making a dash for it to hide behind Q. The commander droid eventually climbed to his feet and sat down at the table in defeat.

"You just don't get it." he shook his head with a sigh at Q.

"And we never been to Naboo in the fall!" they all concluded the song in unison.

With the song over and ended the droid's fell back in their seats and reclined, feeling somewhat more relaxed than before. "Pass the power cell." Rab asked.

"Who has the communicator?" Snaro wondered.

"Here it is!" Q popped the device out from between the rotting cushions they had managed to salvage from the planet's surface that now decorated the seats.

"Time to contact Luke!" Rab declared.

Snaro felt otherwise. "It is \_definitely \_time to contact Vader."

"Ooh, I don't like his voice." Rab shuddered.

"Hey, look! I found a credit!" Q exclaimed excitedly.

**\*\*The End\*\***

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**\*\*Author Note\*\***

**\*\*The Battle Droids that don't fight anything is a spoof of the song "The Pirates who don't do anything" by Big Idea Production.\*\***

**\*\*When my brother and I were teenagers, we heard spoof songs by weird**

Al. We enjoyed his song and sometimes would take a song and change it. The fic you read is based on the spoof my brother and I did when we were teenagers.\*\*

\*\*There are a few differences from the fic and the original spoof. I altered some lyrics so they rhyme better then the spoof my brother and I did. We weren't very creative at the time.\*\*

\*\*And of course I added the plot line.\*\*

\*\*THANK YOU READERS FOR PUTTING UP WITH THIS NONSENSE :)\*\*

End  
file.